# The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXI BOSTON, OCTOBER 28, 1871. NO. 26.


## The Evening Story.

Do, we are not sleepy, mother,
See how wide awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

"Tell the very *sweetest* story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we'll remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago,
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In a voice of heavenly music,
Come a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from Heaven.

"Now, *please* tell us just another,
Tell the *saddest* one you know"—
And I told of One who suffered,
As he wandered to and fro;

Doing good to all around him,
Without fear, or sin, or pride;
Blessing those who most ill-used him,
For whose sake at last he died.

"Now *please*, just *one* more, dear mother,
Tell us *now* the *strangest* one"—
So I told them of a journey,
On a mountain-top begun:

Through the azure, in a body
Just as here on earth he trod,
Up through shining ranks of angels,
To the very throne of God!

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done,
Then they cried, "Why, *that* was Jesus—
Those *three* stories *are but one!*"

*Little Sower.*

For the Myrtle.

## The Little Shepherdess.

Little Mary's father is a shepherd. He owns a great many sheep. He lives in Landes, that is a part of France.

Sometimes Mary goes into the fields, and helps him take care of the sheep. Her father has given her a pair of stilts just like his own, and when one of the flock strays away, Mary will jump up on her stilts and go after the runaway sheep and drive him back to the rest.

Sometimes she will gather wild flowers, and make a beautiful wreath of them, and put it around the neck of one of the little lambs. They all know her, and will come to her, and eat out of her hand. They will follow her from field to field. They love her because she is so kind to them.

*A. M. L. M.*

"A PERSON converted in youth," says John Angell James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through the long, bright day; but a person converted late in life is like the evening star,—a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

THEY who give willingly, love to give quickly.

For the Myrtle.

## How Johnny had Everything he Wished.

I AM going to tell you about a little boy whose name is Johnny. Perhaps some of my little friends know him, or perhaps they may have seen him. He has bright blue eyes, and yellow, curling hair, which he does not like to have combed at all. His mouth is very pretty, especially when it does not say naughty things, and, although his nose does turn up the least little bit in the world, and there are a few freckles sprinkled over it, yet, when Johnny is good, he is as bright looking and as pretty a little boy as one would wish to seo.

Johnny goes to school of course, but, although it may seem strange to some little boys and girls, it is true that Johnny *did* not like to go. He did not like to study, would rather make mud pies, indeed Johnny was often heard to wish that he could be "grown up," so that he wouldn't have to go to school at all.

However, one sunshiny morning, after he had had his face washed and his hair combed very nicely, he started for school, just as the good little boy in the picture-book starts for school with his book under his arm, and — unlike that little boy, who, as Johnny once told his mother, seemed always to be going, but never got to school — arrived there bright and early.

Things went on very smoothly for a while, but at last Johnny began to grow restless. He was tired of drawing on his slate, tired of looking at the pictures in his book, indeed he was tired of everything, so he leaned his head on his hand and gazed out of the open window. The green leaves quivered and danced on the boughs of the trees that shaded the window, and it seemed to Johnny that he could hear them laughing and whispering to one another, and he thought how nice it must be, to be a leaf, and have nothing to do but play the whole day long.

Just then a little bird lighted on a bough and began to sing, and, as Johnny looked at him, he thought how nice it must be to be a little bird. At length the song was ended, and the little bird flew away, and, as Johnny watched him soaring far up to the blue sky, he said to himself, "Oh, if I could only have everything I wish."

"So you shall," said a gruff voice, and, looking up, Johnny saw a big humble-bee, that had flown in through the open window, "but you must remember to wish for only one thing at a time." Johnny joyfully promised, and the humble-bee went buzzing out of the window.

Hardly had he gone when a company of soldiers passed by the schoolhouse. When Johnny saw their splendid dress, and heard the beautiful music, he wished he were a soldier too. Soon he found himself dressed in most beautiful clothes, with a trumpet in his hand, sitting on a beautiful little pony.

Now this just suited Johnny, and he felt very happy for a time. But by and by it began to grow warm. The sun scorched him, the roads were dusty, and Johnny began to think it was not such a very fine thing to be soldier after all. Just then a butterfly flew past and lighted on a flower, that grew by the roadside. "Ah," thought Johnny, "I wish I were a butterfly." No sooner had he wished than he found himself one, and away he went roaming from flower to flower. "Oh, this is good fun," he cried, "I think I will be a butterfly always."

However, he soon got tired of it, for some children playing in the field saw him and began to chase him, and poor Johnny came to the conclusion that a butterfly's life was not so delightful as he had thought, and, seeing a frog lifting his head out from among some lily leaves, that were floating on the surface of a little pond close by, he wished himself a frog.

In a moment he was at the bottom of the pond. It was much prettier down there than Johnny had imagined. There was soft green grass for a carpet, in which many strange flowers were growing, while the water made a beautiful roof for his home. He saw many strange and wonderful things, but, as the novelty wore off, he began to grow tired of being a frog.

Still he hardly knew what he wanted, but as he was croaking away at the surface of the pond, he happened to see a hand-organ-man with a monkey, coming towards an old tree that stood close by. The man took the organ from his back and lay down under the tree. After a while he got up, uncovered the organ, and beg n to play. Then the monkey began to bow and to dance, and Johnny was very much pleased and said, "That is much better than croaking all the time, I wish I were that hand-organ-man."

Immediately he was grinding away, as if he were used to it all his life. But tired of play-

ing, where there was no one to hear, he went out into the road. Soon he had a troop of children following him, but, as he went farther and farther, they left him one by one, and at length the organ seemed very heavy, and, being very weary, he lay down by the roadside. As he looked up into the clear blue sky, he thought it would be very fine to sail along far up in the clouds, so he wished himself there.

As soon as he had wished, he found himself floating along through the air. Over the fields and villages he flew, and at last came to a great sea where white ships were sailing. "This is better than all," cried Johnny, "now if I only had some bread and butter."

Alas! Johnny had wished for two things at once, and now what would happen to him! He felt himself falling down, down from the clouds, and he thought he would have to be drowned in the deep, dreadful water far below. He wished himself at home with his father and mother, at school with his little friends, but it was of no use. He was coming nearer and nearer the fearful water, and soon he heard a great noise, and — Johnny woke and found it was all a dream, for there he was in the school-room with all the little boys and girls around him, for school was out, and Johnny had slept the whole morning.

That night as Johnny lay on his little bed and thought it all over, he came to the conclusion that he would rather be himself than anything else in the world, and he said, "I will never chase the poor little butterflies any more, but will go to school every day, and nobody shall ever hear any more idle wishes from Johnny." And nobody ever has.

*Maggie C. Schouler.*

## Good Resolutions.

A little girl of six years was called a short time since, to sleep in the grave. About a year before her death, she had a small writing-desk given her. After her death, her mother unlocked it and found this writing; it looked like her first writing:

"The minute I wake up in the morning, I will thank God.

"I will mind my father and mother always.

"I will try to be kind and not get cross.

"I want to behave like God's child."

These are very good rules for all children to observe.

## Why?

RECITATION FOR CONCERTS.

QUESTIONING, blind, unsatisfied,
Out of the dark my spirit cried,
Wherefore for sinners, lost, undone,
Gave the Father his only Son?

Clear and sweet there came reply;
Out of my soul or out of the sky,
A voice like music answered:
God so loved the world, it said.

Could not the Lord from heaven give aid?
Why was he born of the mother-maid?
Only the Son of man could be
Touched with man's infirmity!

Why must he lay his infant head
In the manger, where the beasts were fed?
So that the poorest here might cry,
My Lord was as lowly born as I!

Why for friends did he choose to know
The sinful and wretched here below?
Not to the righteous did he come,
But to find and bring the wanderers home.

He was tempted? Yes; he sounded then
All that hides in the hearts of men;
And he knoweth, when we intercede,
How to succor our souls in need.

Why should they, whom he called his own,
Deny, betray him, leave him alone?
That he might know their direst pain,
Who have trusted human love in vain!

Must he needs have washed the traitor's feet
Ere his abasement was made complete?
Yea; for many have thus laid down
Their hearts for a Judas to trample on

By one cup might he not drink less
Nor lose one drop of the bitterness;
Must he suffer, though without blame,
Stripes and buffeting, scorn and shame

Alas! and wherefore should it be
That he must die on Calvary?
Must bear the pain and the cruel thirst,
Till his heart with its very anguish burst?

That martyrs, dying for his name,
Whether by cross, or flood, or flame,
Might know they were called to bear no more
Than he, their blessed Master, bore.

Is there no way to him at last
But that where his bleeding feet have passed?
Did he not to his followers say,
I am the Life, the Light, the Way?

Yea; and still from the heavens he saith
The gate of life is the gate of death;
Peace is the crown of faith's good fight,
And the way of the cross is the way of light!

*Phœbe Cary.*

GOD was never so real to men as now. Never were his messengers filling the heavens as now. There are visions of ladders between heaven and earth, and these angels ascending and descending upon them. — *Collier.*

For the Myrtle.

## Carve Your Name High.

Carve your name high, my boy! Not like the throng
Blandly content with the easiest place,
Climb with the few who are manly and strong,
Strive with the noblest your record to trace.
Set your mark high, and cut deep, as you feel
This is a work that is worthy your steel.

Carve your name high, my boy; not on the roll
Pledged to ambition, to fortune and fame;
Yours be the race for a worthier goal,
Yours be a glory untarnished by shame.
Not for yourself let your strivings be given,
Carve your name high in the service of Heaven.

Carve your name high, my boy; choose the good part
Now in the glow and the strength of your youth;
With a full purpose of hand and of heart,
Carve your allegiance to virtue and truth.
Carve your name high in the roll of the true,
March as a leader to dare and to do.

Carve your name high, my boy; not on the sand
Washed in an hour by the ocean's rude shock;
If you would have it enduring and grand,
Carve it with steel on the face of the rock.
Hard is the toil, but secure the reward,—
True to yourself, and approved of the Lord.

*H. A. B.*

For the Myrtle.

## A Long Day in the Open Air.

"WELL, little folks," said Mr. Benson, "if you want to spend a long day in the meadows to-morrow, go to bed when the chickens do to-night, and be up with them in the morning, and you may go with me to the island. Berries are plenty there, and you will want to take baskets and pails, and mother must put up a lot of dinner, for being in the fresh air makes people hungry—big folks as well as little ones."

"Hurrah! three cheers and a tiger!" said Georgie. "Shall we ride in the hay cart?"

"No," said his father, "I shall send the men on with that, and take you and the girls with me in the express wagon."

"Shall we go in a boat to get to the island?" said Maggie.

"Oh no!" said her uncle, "it is only in very wet weather that it is surrounded by water, the meadows are so dry now you will hardly need rubbers."

"Perhaps we shall find some flowers," said Katie; "Oh! won't it be fun! I always wanted to see where papa gets such big loads of hay from."

"Eddie hep papa sped e hay," said the little fellow, "Eddie hep lots."

"Oh, you thought it was time for you to talk, didn't you?" said Katie. "I'll bring you some nice berries to-morrow."

"Eddie like *stawberries*," said he, "Eddie like *some*."

"But strawberries are all gone now," said Katie. "Eddie shall have some huckleberries."

"Eddie goo boy," said he.

"So you *are* a little darling," said Katie, giving him a hearty kiss. "Now Katie must go and help get things ready for to-morrow."

Just as the clock was striking six the next morning, the children might have been seen climbing into the high open wagon, and soon after, Nellie Gray trotting sedately along the road, as if she understood that her load was a precious one, and the trust imposed upon her, important.

"What a heavy dew there was last night," said Maggie, "those grape leaves are edged with 'pearly drops,' every point has one clinging to it, and how they sparkle in the sunshine."

"Yes," said her uncle, "it is fortunate that I have business that will take me a roundabout way to the meadows, else you would have to wait for the sun to dry the bushes before searching for berries."

"It seems to me," said Katie, "things never did look quite so beautiful as they do this morning. I believe the birds are trying their best to surprise us with their songs."

"It is, indeed, a lovely morning," said her father, "and while we are enjoying health and happiness, sunshine and beautiful scenery, let us remember with grateful heart Him who has surrounded us with these blessings."

For a time they rode on in silence; tall pine trees completely overshadowed them, and the carriage wheels scarcely made a sound, so thickly was the road carpeted with faded pine needles.

Presently Mr. Benson reined his horse from the highway into the broad open field, and following the windings of a rough wagon road paused, at last, before what to the children were new and strange looking objects.

"What are those?" exclaimed Georgie, "Wigwams?"

"Those are coal-pits," said his father, "and while I am arranging business matters with the man who has charge of them, look around and see how charcoal is made."

Maggie and her cousins watched with much interest the men at work. They saw the wood compactly piled in a circular form, and then covered with green sods, a place being left at the top to put in kindlings and set fire to the pit. As they continued on their way, Mr. Benson told them that large pits had to be burned several weeks, and watched night and day, and if the fire chanced to break through the sods, it had to be immediately smothered with fresh earth, or the wood would be entirely consumed and wasted.

"What is charcoal good for?" said Maggie.

"It is used in manufactories to kindle hard coal fires," said Mr. Benson, "and in many families, in small quantities, for a variety of purposes."

When they reached the huckleberry bushes they were very much elated at finding them fairly blue with their sweet fruit, that hung so thickly as to be gathered in clusters. The birds had been the only pickers thus far.

With right good will, the children set about filling their baskets, and so successful were they, that not only the baskets provided for berries, but the empty dinner pail also, were filled to the brim.

"Well done!" said Mr. Benson at sight of their berries, "the fairies have been helping you, I guess."

"So they have, Grandma's kind," said Maggie. "She says every one who has a pair of willing, helpful hands, has two fairies at command."

"Yes, those are the kind worth having around," said her uncle. "Are you ready to go home now?"

"Yes," said the children in chorus, and soon things were in readiness to start, and they were "homeward bound."

"And you have gathered something more than flowers and berries," said their Grandmother, after they had related the events of the day. "You have gathered into your hearts a sweet picture of the bright sunshine and flowers, the fresh air and waving trees and grass, that will never fade, but will remain "a joy forever."

*H. H. D.*

## Changes.

O THE merry days of childhood!
How swift the moments passed,
Ah, they were always gladsome,
I would that they could last.

The time when we were in our teens,
How fast the minutes flew,
It seemed to us so short a time,
Just transient as the dew.

The days of childhood! O, I would
That I could live them o'er;
It seems if I could have that wish,
I ne'er would want for more.

But this we know can never be,
Those days have fled and gone;
But we think back and plainly see
The good we might have done.

With days of childhood now we part,
And in their stead have come
Much later days, which still seem short,
And still we're hastening on.

Time passes, changes come and go,
And yet we here remain,
In *character* and moral force
Apparently the same.

O, let us have more charity,
And love our fellow man,
And try while on the earth we live,
To do the good we can.

Then when our days on earth are done,
And we are laid to rest,
Perhaps, our deeds in hearts will live,
And make them ever blest.

*Bessie.*

## Hidden Treasures.

In the "green-room," in Dresden, where for centuries the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing being pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all; another secret spring being touched, hidden in the center is found a magnificent *diamond ring*. So it is with every truth and promise of God's word — a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the springs! — *Exchange.*

"ALAS! we think not that we daily see
Around our hearths, angels that are to be."

*Leigh Hunt.*

## The Great Fire.

*Dear Cuilcren*:—While we have been making this number of the MYRTLE for you, your hands have been busy and your hearts full with cares for the suffering men, women, and little children of Chicago. That beautiful city is half in ruins, its churches, stores, dwellings swept away by fire in almost a single day. We have read of the burning of Moscow, and the great London fire, and the three great fires in New York city, and the Portland fire, but none of them were so terrible as this. It is said to be the largest fire ever known in the world.

But the most terrible thing about it, is the suffering it is causing, the people who have lost their lives, and the people who are homeless and suffering, and many of whom have nothing left to make homes again. A *hvndred thousand* homeless people — can the children think what a great, great number that is?

And among these are thousands of children. They are on the prairies, in tents, in strange houses, with no place of their own to lay their heads. All their clothing, their books, their toys, everything they had and loved is gone.

Their schoolhouses are burned; the churches where they gathered to their Sabbath home, the pleasant vestries where they had their Sunday Schools are no more. One of our own beautiful churches there, Rev. Dr. Ryder's, is level to the ground, and the hundreds of children who weekly assembled in that delightful Sunday School, will probably never all be brought together again on earth.

It is not strange that hearts are bleeding all over our land, and that children's hands are busy, with all others, in sending relief, as much and as quick as possible to these suffering ones. It is a beautiful lesson, even in this great sorrow, that we are all one family, and that the troubles of one are the troubles of all.

We have heard already of many touching things done by children. The children of the Sunday School at Boston Highlands contributed about seventy dollars last Sabbath to be distributed by Dr. Ryder, who was formerly their pastor. The children of the public schools in whole divisions brought their garments and their little sums of money to the churches to be sent to the children of Chicago. We saw three shining silver five-cent pieces in a tiny box, with a little note written in the cramped hand of a child —

"To some little sufferer by the Chicago fire. I send you this money, it is all I have, but I wish it was a hundred times more."

That is about the way the note read, though we did not copy it as we wished, and so the name has slipped from us. But we think there is a little child somewhere in Chicago that will remember it as long as he or she lives.

Dear children, when you sit down to your well-filled tables today, think of those other children who are living on soup dealt out to them in the streets. As you lie on your soft pillow tonight, think of those cold tents, that bare ground, of those little ones who have died on the parks and by the waysides because they had no shelter and no care. Think of God's mercy to you, and pray that he will care tenderly for those destitute ones. We think he is caring for them in putting it into the hearts of the people to work and give so nobly. But while you work do not forget them in your prayers. Commend them daily and nightly to One who can do for them every moment infinitely more than your weak hands can ever do.

## Keep From Temptation.

None are secure who run in the way of sin; who see how near they can venture to any vice, without getting entangled in it.

Have you ever heard of the man who advertised for a coachman, and who asked three men who applied to him, this question, "How near to the edge of the precipice yonder can you drive me without any danger of an upset?"

The first applicant replied. "Within a hair's breadth."

"How near can you drive me?" said he to the second applicant.

"Within a hair's breadth," he answered.

As the third one was about leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with the other two, the gentleman stopped him. "Let me hear what you have to say," said he.

"Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as possible."

"You are the man for me," said the gentleman.

In regard to vice, he only is safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near, are often upset and destroyed. Keep away from evil tempters and from evil places.

## The Great Giver.

God, our gracious Father, is the greatest giver in all the universe. He is called in the Bible "the giver of every good and perfect gift." He owns everything, and his means for giving can never be exhausted. He has given us life and its many earthly blessings. He has given us life in his Son, — spiritual life. He has given us the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, and the many favors which Christianity brings to us. And his fullness cannot be exhausted. As the apostle has said: "He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" God is always giving; but he does not receive, except love, and the joy of seeing those happy whom he has blest.

## Negro Jews.

A German traveller discovered a race of negroes near the kingdom of Bambara, in Africa, that were Jews in their religious rites and observances. Nearly every family had among them the Law of Moses written on parchment, but they had none of the writings of the prophets.

——The New York Port Society, working among the seamen on the Water street mission, reports that 896 persons have been induced to sign the temperance pledge during the past year and over 1000 have publicly asked for prayers in their own behalf.

——The Christian religion is the only one that teaches us to "overcome evil with good." It gives God's example as a reason for doing so. He is to overcome all evil with good, and we should thus seek to be "followers of him as dear children."

——Who is a Christian Universalist in practice? He who loves God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself.

## Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LIX

THE MONEY IN THE FISH'S MOUTH.

"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xvii. 24–27.

*Question.* — When Jesus came to Capernaum again, who came to Peter?

*Answer.* — Matt. xvii. 24.

*Q.* — What did the receiver of tribute inquire?

*A.* — Matt. xvii. 24.

NOTE. According to the law of Moses, all Jews were required to pay a yearly tribute of no less than half a shekel nor more than a shekel to sustain the services of the Temple. Exodus xxx. 13–16. A shekel was equal to about fifty cents of our money.

*Q.* — What did Peter reply?

*A.* — Matt. xvii. 25.

*Q.* — When Peter came where Jesus was, did Jesus question him before the apostle had time to ask Jesus about the tribute?

*A.* — Matt. xvii. 25.

*Q.* — What question did Jesus ask Peter?

*A.* — Matt. xvii. 25.

*Q.* — What did Peter say?

*A.* — Matt. xvii. 26.

*Q.* — What did Jesus then say to him?

*A.* — Matt. xvii. 26.

NOTE. As yet Peter had not learned that Jesus was greater than the Temple. He did not know that Jesus had come to give the world a better religion than the Jewish religion. Being a devoted Jew, he supposed his Master had come to perpetuate the Jewish religion, and would therefore, of course, pay tribute. But he was hasty, and Jesus gave him a gentle rebuke. Jesus was ready to pay the tribute, for he kept all the laws of Moses, but he did not wish Peter to think he was subordinate to the Temple, but greater. Having shown Peter that as a Son of God he was not liable to pay tribute, he sends him out to catch a fish and to find the money for the tax in its mouth. When Peter finds the necessary money in the mouth of the fish, he thinks more of the wonderful greatness of his Master than of the Temple and the tribute, and his Master becomes greater than the Temple. And so Jesus pays the tribute and exalts himself by the miracle by which he obtained the means to pay it, The amount of money was enough to pay the tax for himself and Peter.

## Hidden Seed

### Enigma No. 1.

1. The transgression of law.
2. What Christ is with the Father for us.
3. The answer of a good conscience.
4. The witness of Christ's resurrection.
5. A type of Heaven.
6. Because of which Christ was exalted.
7. Should always be spoken.
8. The great sin of the Pharisees.
9. A field of blood.
10. Should be loved as one's self.
11. What Christ is now making for us.

My whole signifies "thou hast forsaken me."

### Enigma No. 2.

Five hundred begins it, five hundred doth end it;
And five in the middle is seen;
The first of all letters, the first of all figures,
Then take up their stations between.
My whole is a Scriptural king of great fame;
If you wish to know who, then seek for his name

### Enigma No. 3.

1. The brother who caused Joseph to be cast into the pit.
2. The prophet, the son of Amos.
3. A queen disowned for refusing to appear before the king's guest.
4. A tempestuous wind.
5. The seal of the covenant with Noah.
6. The great bird of the desert.
7. The place where the Hebrew children were cast.
8. Son of the morning.
9. The youngest of Aaron's sons.
10. The tree cursed by Jesus.
11. A publisher of glad tidings.

The stream that issues from the throne of God.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

**UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,**

**37 Cornhill, Boston.**

**BENTON SMITH, Agent.**

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

**PARTICULAR NOTICE.**

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.